

THE PACIFIC

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Pac Theo Sem
Reading Room

STANZAS ON FREEDOM.

Men, whose boast it is that ye
Come of fathers brave and free.
If there breathe on earth a slave,
Are ye truly free and brave?
If ye do not feel the chain,
When it works a brother's pain,
Are ye not base slaves indeed,
Slaves unworthy to be freed?

Is true freedom but to break
Fetters for our own dear sake,
And with leathern hearts, forget
That we owe mankind a debt?
No! true freedom is to share
All the chains our brothers wear,
And, with heart and hand, to be
Earnest to make others free!

They are slaves who fear to speak
For the fallen and the weak;
They are slaves who will not choose
Hatred, scoffing, and abuse,
Rather than in silence shrink
From the truth they needs must think;
They are slaves who dare not be
In the right with two or three.

—James Russell Lowell.

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A STATE.

"What constitutes a State?
Not high-raised battlements or labored mound.
Thick wall or moated gate;
Not cities proud with spires and turrets crowned,
Not bays and broad-armed ports,
Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride;
Not starred and spangled courts,
Where low-browed Baseness wafts perfume to
Pride;
No; Men, high-minded men—
Men who their duties know,
But know their rights, and knowing, dare maintain;
Prevent the long-armed blow,
And crush the tyrant while they rend the chain;
These constitute a State."

DAYLIGHT AHEAD.

At the time of the writing of this article the indications are that the Japanese problems will soon meet with a satisfactory solution in Washington. The mayor of San Francisco and the school board are en route to the capital city, and soon will be in conference with President Roosevelt and his cabinet.

Our belief is that as a result of that conference the Japanese children will be admitted to the public schools of the city, with perhaps the exception of a few who may have been of too great age for the grades which they were attending and that such arrangements will be made for those as will be quite satisfactory to all parties interested. Dispatches from Washington during the last few days indicate that the California congressional delegation is cooperating now for the solution of the problem on a line marked out by the President; and sufficient has been said by the San Francisco school board to make it evident that they go with minds more open to conviction than was apparent a short time ago. The unwillingness of the board to go to Washington without the mayor, and the statement that they, being his personal appointees, could do nothing of which he did not approve, are significant—especially so when coupled with the following words by the mayor:

"I am going to Washington with an open mind, realizing that we would not be summoned there unless there were grave national issues to meet. Of course, I do not know what these issues are, but they must be of the most serious importance. The fact that we telegraphed to Washington and ascertained that we were wanted there to give a decision on the Japanese

school children controversy, and that we are going there prepared to make a decision which will settle the matter, shows that we are ready to make any concessions that may be necessary for the good of the nation. If we are asked by President Roosevelt to sacrifice local interests for the benefit of the whole nation we may make such concessions. If the issue is squarely put before us by President Roosevelt as to which we would prefer—maintaining our present attitude on the school question and suffering from the continued influx of Japanese coolies, or abandoning our position on the school question and securing a treaty with Japan which would stop coolie immigration, I must say that I think we will decide to yield on the school issue and have coolie immigration, which presents the greatest menace to our workingmen, stopped."

In contradistinction to this commendable utterance by the mayor are the diatribes of certain leaders in the Japanese and Korean Exclusion League. Walter Mac Arthur, for example, saying, "The only way to preserve peace with honor is to stand on our rights." The difficulty as to MacArthur is that in this and some other matters he loses sight of the rights of others, and stands on a narrow platform. The Japanese and other Asiatics are in the world, and it is evident that they are to remain in it. It is said that nowadays in some parts of China the children are heard singing a song which in English is in substance: "First the red man went; then the black man went, now the yellow man's turn has come—but the yellow man won't go!"

The Japanese nation is to be commended for its calm and dignified procedure in this issue. It has made it evident in a thoroughly unobjectionable manner that it would not accept any settlement of the case which discriminated against its people; and our manly President, who believes in giving every man, no matter what his nation or color or condition, a square deal, has worked nobly, under a torrent of abuse and denunciation, to bring our people to give to the Japanese such a deal in the matter under consideration.

Writing in 1905 concerning the causes of the Russo-Japanese war, stating that Japan was fighting for her national existence and the integrity of China, Dr. Sidney L. Gulick said: "Whether she would have waged this war merely in defense of her honor is an academic question which we need not consider; but it is fair to say that no country today is so sensitive to considerations of honor as is Japan. She has been brought to the war by the stern necessities of life. She has been insulted and humiliated before the world, robbed of her rights, her existence as a nation imperilled. Her honest diplomacy has been neglected, disregarded and evaded. Deceitful, time-consuming responses were given to her and when she could endure no more, self-respect and self-preservation both demanded that she smite the lying tongue and strike the rapacious disturber of the peace of the Orient—the disturber who claimed to carry to the heathen the religion of the Christ."

No other nation has attained to what the American nation has attained to in its stand for the rights of man. It has proclaimed and worked for those principles of brotherhood implanted in the world long ago by the Man of Nazareth as no other nation ever has. But in this Japanese exclusion question it has been standing in serious danger of trailing in the dust that

banner of brotherhood which it has so gloriously borne aloft all the years of its history.

We rejoice today, accordingly, that the way seems to be opening up for the President to remove such obstacles as have been standing in the way of the negotiating of such a treaty with Japan as will keep from our country a flood of objectionable laborers—without violating the principles of brotherhood, and without humiliating a worthy people who are our next door neighbors across the sea.

SENATOR PERKINS AND JAPANESE EXPATRIATION.

The preceding editorial sets forth the promise of a speedy settlement of the vexing Japanese question and our joy therein. We take up here some of the features of the problem which remain, and which have to do with our treatment of the Japanese and other Orientals in the future.

A recent dispatch from Washington reports Senator Perkins as having said: "The inherent Japanese traits of patriotic impulses will make them a foreign element in any country to which they may migrate. Real expatriation is a condition practically impossible to the Japanese.

"The Japanese, wherever distributed, will remain a considerable unit in the aspirations of the Japanese race; and however distant their residence from the throne of the Mikado, will still constitute an element of strength in the unity of the empire. Naturalization in any country to which they might migrate will not eliminate this racial instinct."

We are of opinion that Senator Perkins has spoken without due consideration of the changes which have taken place in Japan.

In his recent message President Roosevelt suggested naturalization privileges for the Japanese. The Rev. Dr. Doremus Scudder, of Honolulu, a man with a world consciousness, one who views things in their cosmic relations, says: "President Roosevelt is right. He has proved himself a seer in suggesting naturalization for Japanese. The next step will be to grant this to all men upon precisely equal terms. We have no right to refuse it."

But Dr. Scudder continues:

"This does not mean that we should not safeguard our citizenship. Japan will have done us an incalculable benefit if as an outcome of this controversy our government be led to require that no alien shall be naturalized before passing an English examination in American civics under the auspices of a board constituted somewhat after the manner of our board of civil service commissioners. With such a safeguard we can afford to admit men of any race to our citizenship."

We believe that the time will come (but not in the near future) when both Japanese and Chinese will be admitted to all the privileges of American citizenship, and that experience will show this to have been no mistake. The trend of things in Japan since that country was opened up to the influences of Occidental civilization do not warrant any such statement as that made by Senator Perkins. The allegiance which the Japanese give now to the Mikado will not always be given. Other claims will appeal to them. Tennyson makes Guinevere say:

"It was my duty to have loved the highest;
It surely was my profit had I known;
It would have been my pleasure had I seen.
We needs must love the highest when we see it."

Neesima, the Japanese Christian patriot, tells us in his "Life and Letters" of his longing, after the Bible had fallen into his hands, to visit a land where the gospel was freely taught and whence teachers of God's word were sent out, saying in that connection:

"Having recognized God as my Heavenly Father, I felt I was no longer inseparably bound to my parents. I discovered for the first time that the doctrines of Confucius on the filial relation were too narrow and fallacious. I said then, 'I am no more my parents', but my God's.' A strong cord which had held me firmly to my father's home was broken asunder at that moment. I felt then that I must take my own course. I must serve my Heavenly Father more than my earthly parents. This new idea gave me courage to make a decision to forsake my prince, and also to leave my home and my country temporarily."

The fact that Neesima came to a decision to leave his people and native land only temporarily does not operate against this as a forcible illustration of the truth we seek to maintain. It was difficult for him to break away from his parents and his prince, but higher claims when they were seen won him, and he became a powerful instrument in God's hands for the advancement of his kingdom upon the earth, in order that the day of good-will might some time be ushered in—the reign of universal brotherhood which was foreshadowed in the life and teaching of Jesus of Nazareth.

The democracy of the nations is something that must be some day. The world is slow to realize it. But the time will come when men will live not for the nation but for the world. Jesus of Nazareth was a true cosmopolite.

They who are familiar with Japanese history and characteristics tell us that the essence of patriotism in Japan has been devotion to the person of the Mikado or Emperor, and that no rulers have ever been more truly apotheosized by any people than the emperors of Japan have been by the Japanese. It seems impossible, says one writer, for the people to distinguish between the country and its ruler. "He is the fountain of authority. Lower ranks gain their right and their power from him alone. Power belongs to the people only because, and in proportion as, he has conferred it upon them. Even the constitution has its authority only because he has so determined." In his book, "The Educational Conquest of the Far East," Robert E. Lewis says: "The text-book of morals was Confucian; the text-book of politics was Confucian. It places the Emperor above all earthly authority. He is the 'Son of Heaven.' In him centers and from him radiates all power. He therefore cannot recognize the sovereigns of other empires as his equals. Coupled with Shintoism in Japan it was the basis of the proud contempt for foreign nations which often expressed itself in violence and which gave way when it could no longer resist." In his masterly study, "The Evolution of the Japanese," the Rev. Dr. Sidney L. Gulick says: "The apotheosis of the emperor was neither an intelligible nor an unreasonable practice. But now that an individualistic, democratic organization of society has been introduced, resting on a

principle diametrically opposed to that of apotheosis, a struggle of most profound importance has been inaugurated." The question which the Japanese have before them for answer is, "Does moral or even national authority really reside in the Emperor?" It is said that the school teachers have found great difficulty in teaching morality as based exclusively on the imperial edict, and that the politicians are not content any longer with leaving all political and state authority to the emperor, and it is well known that authority is in reality no longer so placed without exception.

That apotheosis is to remain the practice in Japan no really thoughtful person will claim; and with that once out of the way, there will not be that passionate devotion to their country which has been so marked a characteristic of the Japanese.

Intercourse with other peoples has already taught the Japanese much; it will in the near future teach them more, and they will ere long be as ready as any other people to respond to the claims of the highest when they see what is the highest. That they are as capable, as any of the other backward races, of recognizing the highest, history certainly attests.

One who has spent many years in Japan writes: "I am acquainted with no more striking effect on Japan of her intercourse with white races than the changes wrought in her national ideal. For 250 years that ideal was international isolation. She neither desired to give to nor to receive from other nations. She wished to live her own life in absolute independence and self-sufficiency, as though in a separate world. To-day this ideal is reversed. No nation is now more ready to learn from others or more desirous to play its role on the world's stage. Intercourse has fired her ambitions. 'Japan's World Mission' is a theme of frequent discussion in the magazines and debating societies of Japan. This mission, say her thinkers, arises from her peculiar geographical position and her psychic character. Both unite to make her the natural meeting ground, the clearing house, of the Far East and the Far West."

The treatment of the Japanese by our nation has not been such as to encourage expatriation on their part. The few that have sought naturalization have been refused. Senator Perkins ought to be willing to give them an opportunity to expatriate themselves and to show, as other nationalities have had opportunity to show, that they can be as loyal to their adopted as to their native country. Certainly so long as that has not been done there is no justification for any dogmatic assertion that expatriation is a thing impossible to a Japanese.

Senator Perkins must have forgotten history when he declared himself with so much assurance. There was a time when it was claimed that the Germans who came here in great numbers after the revolution of 1848 would subvert the principles of the American government. And in the earlier years of our national history there were ever those who were fearful that many of those whom we received to citizenship would in a crisis prefer their native to their adopted country. Time has shown all these things to have been bugbears.

If it should be claimed by any one that racial differences are such as to make it impossible for the Asiatics to become allied with us as other peoples have, we put up the claim made by many of the ablest

men of the day that the principal differences between the races are not due to biological conditions but to social. As another has stated it: "They are not physico-psychological differences, but only socio-psychological differences." And the Anglo-Saxon is what he is because of his social heredity, the Chinese and the Japanese are what they are because of their social heredity.

Latterly the races have come close together all over the world. Distance has been annihilated, barriers thrown down everywhere. Those that were once remote are our next door neighbors. Accordingly we have entered on a period of world-wide convergent social evolution. The social and psychic gains of the different races and nations are now to be shared and exchanged in the great commercial and social intercourse which the discoveries and inventions of the last century have made possible. Though this interracial association and cooperation there will come to some of the now despised races such attainments and culture as will cause the race-proud people to cease their race pride, and there may even come about racial inter-marriages in such numbers perhaps as are scarcely thought of today, and all in all mankind will be improved not only physically and mentally, but spiritually as well. For it is beyond intelligent question that the Orient has great contributions to make to the world's future civilization—even its Christian civilization, Christianity being in its origin Oriental, and there being among Orientals, in their religious observances, a devotion such as may well put to shame very many of our own people.

ACORNS FROM THREE OAKS.

Aloha.

Songs of the Rain.

One is excusable for writing about the rain this winter. I pick out a rhyme or two that have come to my table that Pacific friends, tempted to low spirits in sticky adobe mud, may arise and shine and sing, if they will. Though I am not an old Californian I am asked if "I ever knew anything like it?" Yes. In 1889-90 sixty-nine inches of rain fell in Northern California. You may imagine with what difficulty I made any collections in my new work as Coast Secretary of the Church Building Society. The S. P. R. R. was washed out for six weeks between Portland and San Francisco. Travel to and from these cities had to go and come by steamer. My first day's service at Crockett I saw four half-blood Percherons, horses averaging sixteen hundred pounds, pulling a little two-wheeled cart about with express matter. I do not doubt that scene could be essentially duplicated in many of our inland valleys now.

Cheer Up Brother.

My second Sunday of service was for the church at Palermo, which was seeking to erect a house of worship. Fortunately for the mud I found and the experience awaiting me, I had new rubber boots, and ere I waded to the good Doctor's home where I was charmingly entertained I changed a gold piece into bright half dollars.

I had heard that "just a Scotch mist" will break up a California congregation, and was not surprised that the lowering clouds forbade the assembling of

ourselves together. As I warmed by the cheerful dining room fireplace, in came a brisk little eight year old boy, with a beaming face and an uplifted missionary barrel. "Please help us build our church of Christ at Palermo." I very soon had a half dollar's interest in the desirable edifice, and there was a sound of jubilation in the kitchen as the happy little solicitor joined the group there. Ere long a little six year old came through the swing door. I am sure it was a swing door—I never noticed one more closely or had more reason to. I could not show partiality. Very soon I had a dollar's interest in the Palermo church that was to be. I can hardly say I was surprised that the fateful swinging door swung again. Three year old, golden hair, with Sunday dress and smiling face put up her chubby hands and if she did not plead, the clasped missionary hand did. I am as sure she got her half dollar as that I gave her a kiss. Angelic little beggar! Do you wonder I remember my initiation as secretary of C. C. B. S.? The climax came when the sunny lady of the household came in with a sweet baby boy in her arms, dressed fit for joining the cheerful givers. His baby hands clasped a barrel. I have forgotten thousands that I have seen roll into the treasury of the Lord, but I'll never forget the four sweet youngsters who emphasized the lesson that if I wish others to give I must lead by a helpful example. After a breakfast whose flavor has lasted eighteen years, I proposed to go and call on the Sunday-school superintendent. The good Doctor warned me: "He has seven children, brother, and every one of them has a barrel." I stayed at home. How much better this story had been if I had changed another gold piece and met the blessed little solicitors every one! The church of Palermo was built, and echoed to the eloquence of Father Brier until he went where the Death Valley has no more terrors. Is not rainy weather a good time to write and tell cheerful stories?

A Sunshine Song.

A dear friend whose school name was "Sunshine," cut this selection from a paper, and there are readers who will enjoy it:

It cannot always rain, dear heart,
It cannot always rain;
And when the clouds have parted, love,
The sun will shine again.
The sun will shine again, dear one,
And all the world be glad—
Then cheer up, even tho' 'tis dull,
And be not ever sad.

The sun is shining now, dear heart,
I see it in your eyes;
The happy light is golden, love,
And all the tears it dries.
And all the tears it dries, dear one,
In one big sunny smile.
So never more be sad, my girl,
Be sunshine all the while!

Exasperating Optimism.

Here is a *jeu d'esprit* from one of the wisest, warmest and wittiest of the friends and critics of The Pacific. It was a momentary reaction, on a particularly dark day, from the "exasperating optimism" which had struck her strenuous hand with the last acorn of this cluster. But she doesn't mean it:

'Tis raining rain for me today,
I see no daffodils,
No gold and crimson shining
Upon the snowy hills.

'Tis raining rain for me today,
No violets I see,
No wild flowers shyly peeping
From vale or upland lea.

'Tis raining rain for me today,
The orchard trees are bare
I see no scented blossoms,
No fruitage rich and rare.

'Tis raining rain for me today,
All the wide landscape o'er;
Yes rain, the rain is falling,
And I see nothing more.

A Sunday Morning Memory.

Doctor Holmes, a cheerful old missionary, who spent a long and useful life in Persia, riding home from church with me about a year ago, quoted so interesting a verse about rain clouds that I proceeded to learn it:

"Though outwardly a gloomy shroud,
The other half of every cloud
Is bright and shining.
I therefore turn my clouds about,
And always wear them inside out,
To show their lining."

The Reason For This Shower.

Two little verses from the "Gates of Silence," which I find in the S. S. Times, written by Robert Loveman, a young Hebrew poet, of Dalton, Georgia. If you do not enjoy them I am sorry for you. Saratoga has no bog to deep for them to illumine:

"It isn't raining rain to me,
It's raining daffodils!
In ev'ry dimpling drop I see
Wild flowers on the hills!
A cloud of gray engulfs the day
And overwhelms the town—
It isn't raining rain to me—
It's raining roses down!

"It isn't raining rain to me,
But fields of clover bloom,
Where any buccaneering bee
May find a bed and room.
A health, then, to the happy,
A fig to him who frets!
It isn't raining rain to me—
It's raining violets!"

You know a railroad genius has carefully counted multiplied and estimated ninety billion as the number of prune blooms in this favored county. This year there is rain enough to nurture a hundred billion. Who hath eyes to see, let him see. Who hath heart to rejoice, let him rejoice.

Some people think they love the kingdom who never give more than a dime's worth of devotion to it at a time.

Book Reviews.

"A Year of Good Cheer." By Delia Lyman Porter. A dainty and attractive little volume containing prose and poetical selections for each week of the year, with blank pages in which favorite quotations may be written. The pages are artistically decorated, and the volume is such as to delight the eye as well as give cheer to mind and heart. It is not merely for the year 1907, but for any other year as well. [Pilgrim Press, Boston.]

"Hero Tales of Congregational History." By Grace T. Davis. These tales carry us along the pathway of some of the Pilgrims in their Scrooby, Amsterdam and New England homes and out into that wide sweep of life and influence which came to some of their descendants in later years. Carver and Bradford and Brewster are among the earlier heroes who figure in the tales. Brainard, Manassah Cutler, Titus Coan, Cyrus Hamlin and Joseph Neesima are among the later. The author sends forth the book with the hope that it may interest young people in the great men who have figured in the history of Congregationalism and of the church kingdom and create a desire on their part to know more of the crises of the church and the way in which they were met. Historical material has been used accurately, but the imagination has been given play also, with the result that interesting narratives have been sent forth. The book is beautiful and attractive both within and without and doubtless will accomplish that for which it was intended. [Pilgrim Press, Boston.]

"King Gobbler." By Abbie N. Smith. This book is dedicated to all gobbler lovers, but it is intended especially for children, and as such is to be heartily commended. Miss Smith's first advent into the book world as an author was with "Bobtail Dixie," a delightful story about a dog, which ranked well up with "Black Beauty." Now she comes with "King Gobbler," which leads us into Turkeydom and we contemplate some of the things which turkeys are supposed to think and say. It is an "I-wonder-why" book, and will stir the minds and quicken the observation of all the little folks who read it, and of those to whom it is read. We should not like to have this delightful little story confined simply to the children who are old enough to read. The reading of it to those of younger years will not only tend to make them thoughtful and observing, but will implant a desire for the best and most wholesome literature. At the end of the story "King Gobbler of Turkeydom" lives, for which fact all who are entertained by him will be thankful. The book is to be commended both for schools and for home reading. It is nicely illustrated. [The Educational Publishing Co., Boston, New York, Chicago, and Berkeley, Cal.]

"The Missionary And His Critics." By James L. Barton, D.D. In this volume of 235 pages Dr. Barton has presented a large amount of testimony as to the value of Christian missions. It is a book which some of the gosling globe trotters and daily newspapers could read with profit. Among the good words for the missionaries are these by the Hon. John Barrett, formerly United States Minister to Siam, and who has spent considerable time also in China and

Japan: "They have done more than either commerce or diplomacy to develop respect for American character and manhood among the countless ignorant millions of Asia." An educated Hindu is quoted as saying: "If ever the Hindus are to rise in the scale of nations it must be by Christianity, and Christianity only." The Hon. Charles Denby, former United States Minister to China is quoted: "Commerce and civilization follow where these unselfish pioneers have blazed the way. Believe nobody when he sneers at the missionaries. The man is simply not posted on the work." Marquis Ito, Prime Minister of Japan is reported as follows: "Japan's progress and development are largely due to the influence of missionaries exerted in right direction when Japan was first studying the outer world." And the king of Siam: "American missionaries have done more to advance the welfare of my country than any other foreign influence." Dr. Barton tells of a tourist who had nothing but condemnation for missions, but who visiting a mission and seeing what was doing presented it a fine new organ, remarking at the same time to his wife: "My dear, I do not believe in missions any more than ever I did, but I believe in this kind of work, and such as we have seen today; this is not missions; it is straight civilizing Christian work." Evidently in his case seeing was believing even though he realized it not. This book ought to be in every church and missionary library, and in the hands of all who have to do with persons who object to, criticize or sneer at missions. [F. H. Revell Co., New York; \$1.00 net.]

"The Life of Sir George Williams." By J. E. Hodder Williams. This biography of the founder of the Young Men's Christian Association will have wide welcome. It gives the life history of one who became the instrument in God's hands for the putting into operation of one of the greatest forces for good in all time. No one who reads this book will wonder that Queen Victoria in acknowledgement of his "distinguished service to the cause of humanity" conferred upon him the honor of knighthood. When just before the 50th anniversary of the Y. M. C. A. was held in London in 1894 a letter from the Earl of Roseberry communicating Her Majesty's pleasure was received by him, his biographer says: "After reading it his face grew pale; his voice was choked with feeling as he spoke of its contents. The whole thing was so utterly unexpected by this humble Christian worker. Handing the letter to his secretary, he said, 'What do you think of that?' He replied, 'Sir, it is a well deserved honor,' 'No, no,' said George Williams, 'it is not for me, it is for the Association. It belongs to our Master, let us put it at his feet.' Then they knelt in prayer, and in humble tones he gave recognition to him to whom he felt it was rightly due. This was, indeed, his attitude in acknowledging all the honors bestowed upon him." We read that in the office of this successful business man there hung a framed card illumined with the words 'God First'—and it is said that "seldom has a man so fully lived up to the motto on his walls." It is stated that the foundations of Sir George Williams' large fortune were laid in the time of the Franco-Prussian war. "These were the golden years of English commerce. George Williams seized the opportunity of adding immensely to the connections of his business, never speculating or undertaking hazardous ventures, but pushing forward in all directions, watching the returns grow as by

magic under his hands, and in all glorifying God who had given the increase, and giving back to him nearer a half than a tenth of all he possessed." How fitting that his body should be laid away at last in St. Paul's Cathedral close to the resting place of Nelson—England's great naval hero! This was asked for all around the world. And says the biographer: "The dean and chapter honored themselves and their church in granting the desired permission. It was indeed fitting and right that the national church in the name of the people should recognize that not only with sword and clash of arms is freedom bought and victory won. Much is spoken and written of the righteousness that alone exalteth a nation, but it is too seldom that the nation nationally exalts righteousness. The burial in St. Paul's Cathedral was the rightful honor paid to one of London's most noble citizens, a man who in a thousand ways, some of wide renown, many untold or known only to the few, and, more than all else by the personal example of his daily life, preached to men the possibility and the beauty of an upright life in the slippery places of modern paths for many feet. It was but just that for such a man a resting-place should be found among the heroes." For he was a hero—a Christian hero. Would that every young man and every business man in the land would read this book. It would mean much for the coming Kingdom. [A. C. Armstrong & Son, New York; \$1.25 net.]

"Modern Poets And Christian Teaching." Three volumes in this series have already had review in our columns. The one now before us is **Lowell**, by William A. Quayle. Dr. Quayle is a poet-preacher, and one who has high appreciation of that which is best and most beautiful in literature. In this volume he gives us considerable of Lowell and considerable of Quayle also; but that does not mar it. It is not quail on toast, but **Quayle on Lowell**, which is a good combination; for the result is to make Lowell stand out as a poet whose poems have made for that which is best in our national life. It was of value to see in the preceding volumes of this series how Browning and Arnold and Gilder and Sill and Markham had place in that body of Christian teaching which is lifting the world up toward God, and we turn the pages of this volume on Lowell with interest and appreciation. Of the "Biglow Papers" Dr. Quayle says that they are fierce with diatribe, with sword hack, with lightning shooting arrows against wrong; that they are eternized maledictions against evils; that they breathe the breath of God. "They caught the ear and eye of the people, of the **demos**; and so caught the thought and heart of the people. They were words which sounded everywhere. They were found in workshops, and sung on the streets. They caught slavery under holds and threw it. Not anything, either said or written, had the vogue as an opponent of that malignant evil that these humor-soaked papers had. Anti-slavery was, in them, unapologetic. Slavery was put on the defensive, a thing slavery had never known." Dr. Quayle is of opinion that "Sir Launfal" will be Lowell's most enduring poem. "Lowell has come to the heart of the matter. Practical Christianity is living as Christ lived, and loving as Christ loved. This poem embodies the ethics of the gospel. This Lowell saw, this Lowell sung. And may his song hearten good deeds while time endures! And beyond

chance it will." It is said by our author that "The Cathedral" is Lowell's sole poem in which the religious problem is frankly stated and plainly argued. Concerning this the comment is that it is hesitant: "It is all along, and in the end, dubitant. Sometime it has the truth; sometimes, oftentimes, states the case fairly and squarely. The doubt element is expression of the age. No one doubts that. The atmosphere is accurate. We fault not that. But where the fault lies as a Christian poem is, it fails because it does not journey far enough. It gropes to the end. That is not Christian. 'Tis a theistic poem, truly, but not a Christ poem. There lies its lack, its fallacy, its absence of a song." Dr. Quayle's concluding words concerning Lowell are in part: "He knew and loved the spirit of essential Christianity. He saw life for life's sake. His words hacked like a crusader's ax. He groped and questioned, not as Guinevere,

'Is it yet too late?'

but, 'Is the largest true?' He saw the ethics of Christianity and loved them. He ponders the right behaviors of the soul. We cannot learn a coarse word from his lips, for he seemed not to know one. * * His heart wanted life and heaven and groped toward them with faltering but honest steps. He lacked the divine contagious faith which eliminates tragedy. He knew not what Saint Simeon Stylites knew, who clanged:

'I smote them with a cross.'

Lowell had not a cross, and did not know the Christ was God." [Eaton & Mains, New York; \$1.00 net.]

"The Main Points." By Rev. Charles R. Brown. This Study in Christian Belief is a reproduction in part of a volume issued a few years ago by Mr. Brown and which had wide and hearty welcome. We recall the fact that Mrs. Alden, the noted writer familiarly known as "Pansy," commended it in an article in the Christian Endeavor World as the best book she knew of to help people along through some of the questions confronting them nowadays concerning the Christian faith. The articles are not as first published; they have been rewritten and considerable has been added. One chapter, on "The Creed of a Christian" has been added. Mr. Brown considers in a very illuminating and helpful manner in this volume: The Divinity of Jesus, the Atonement, the Work of the Holy Spirit, the Authority of the Bible, the Philosophy of Prayer, The Matter of Conversion, Salvation by Faith, the Christian Church, the Hope of Immortality, the Last Judgment; and in the final chapter sets forth a creed to which it does not seem to us there can be reasonable objection. His position as to the divinity of Jesus may be indicated in brief in his comment on the words of Peter in reply to the question of the Master, Whom say ye that I am? "It was an estimate of the person of Christ, which, according to the narrative, seemed to lift him in their minds quite out of the purely human categories which included John the Baptist, Elijah, Jeremiah and other great prophets." As to the Atonement he shows that the universe is full of vicarious principle. As Dr. Van Dyke says: "There is no corner of the world where the letters of this word may not be spelled out, like a dim and broken inscription on the fragments of human life." And writes Mr. Brown: "When we come to the summit of all being, we should not expect to find the Creator ignoring this vicarious principle with which he has filled the world. We are already pre-

pared by our thoughtful survey of these phenomena to accept the doctrine of atonement when revelation offers it. He too will suffer and make sacrifices for his children." The death of Christ is regarded as more than a mere martyrdom, meaning more than the dramatic end of any good man's life. The Scriptures treat it as more than the death of Socrates, of Joan of Arc, Cranmer or Lincoln. "The death of Christ was an event in history, but it was the revelation in time of something eternal. The Scriptures speak of Christ as 'the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world.' This utterance of the Spirit lifts the atoning work of Christ up into timeless and cosmic relations: it expresses the eternal heartache and heart-break of the Father over the wrong-doing of his children. It indicates that element in the divine character which suffers and makes sacrifice in the work of rescuing the children. Christ therefore reveals and represents that in God which goes out redemptively at infinite cost to himself, even as the shepherd leaves the ninety and nine and goes after the lost one, sometimes at the forfeit of his own life." Mr. Brown's article on Prayer is one which could be read with profit by many professing Christians at least once a year. In the concluding part of the article on "The Authority of the Bible" the author says: "It is more exact to say that the Bible contains the word of God than to claim that every word and syllable in it is the word of God. Here is a veritable message from God to men and its fruits are seen in the changed lives of those who receive its heaven-sent news. The Bible accomplishes its supreme work when it conducts us into the presence of Jesus Christ. We then begin to trust for present and eternal salvation, not in the Bible, but in the mercy of God, made effective to us through the redemption of Jesus Christ, into whose presence and fellowship this sure word of the Spirit has brought." The publishers of these studies have sent them forth in a volume that is a fine specimen of the printer's art and a book which will win many hearts goes on its useful way. [Pilgrim Press, Boston; \$1.25 net; postage 15 cents.]

THE GOVERNOR OF KANSAS CONCERNING PROHIBITION.

In his recent message to the legislature of Kansas, Governor Hoch puts forth on the question of the prohibition of the liquor traffic some facts and thoughts well worth quoting. He said in part:

"Since 1880 the manufacture and sale of intoxicants except for medicinal, scientific and mechanical purposes has been prohibited by the constitution of this State. Theoretically, the wisdom of this policy has never been seriously questioned, for the logical attitude of a government toward every recognized evil is that of prohibition. The Decalogue, which in its majestic sweep includes every form of evil, is a prohibitory code and an infallible guide. 'Thou shalt not' is the proper attitude of government toward every recognized evil.

"That the saloon is an evil is now almost universally recognized. Not a single good thing can be said of the saloon. It is everywhere and always an enemy to society and to good government; it is a disturber of the peace; it is a fruitful source of crime; it is the devil's best recruiting camp; it imposes more burdens of taxation upon the people than any other agency in

existence; no human interest is sacred to it; it voluntarily obeys no law; it desecrates the Sabbath, and refuses to close its doors on this holy day except when a policeman with righteous orders from some courageous mayor is on that beat; the Fourth of July appeals not to its patriotism, for it has none; it debauches childhood in defiance of the law against selling to minors; it makes day lurid with its profanities and night hideous with its orgies; it is everywhere and always an anarchist. Every license law, high or low, every law to which reference has been made above, is proof of popular estimate of its baneful character, for not such laws restrict and restrain legitimate business. Our prohibitory policy is not, I repeat, questioned as a matter of principle. Its wisdom is only questioned as a matter of expediency. This is the battle-ground of thought on the subject. But I must ever believe that, in the final analysis, wrong alone is inexpedient, and that ultimately some means can always be found to make any right thing practicable."

Governor Hoch takes no less decisive ground as to the fallacy that licensing the traffic is a source of profit to society. After a careful study of conditions, his message proceeds:

"Viewing it from a lower plane, from its economic side, I believe (prohibition) is equally worthy of indorsement. I do not believe there are any people on earth relatively more progressive and prosperous than the 1,600,000 people who constitute the population of Kansas. Our per capita wealth is over \$90—nearly three times the average in the United States—and nowhere is wealth more equally distributed. A poorhouse is almost a joke in Kansas. Saloons are not commercial necessities. All the money that goes into their tills is just so much taken out of legitimate business channels; it is just so much loss to the legitimate merchant. The revenue from this source is not necessary to the permanent prosperity of any town; it is a hindrance to it; it debauches public sentiment, debases public morals, and corrupts official channels it destroys town pride, one of the first and greatest essentials of town-building, it makes the saloon the center of political influence and the most potent factor in municipal government.

"The devil never invented a bigger lie than that revenue from illegitimate sources is necessary to the financial success of any town or city. Such a contention is an insult to any community in Kansas. Wherever this theory finds indorsement by local authorities, boodle and graft and extravagance follow naturally and inevitably. Many local illustrations of the fallacy that revenue from this traffic is necessary could be given, but I will cite only a few. Mayor David H. Shields, of Salina, says:

"When I took office one year ago this spring (1906), business men of Salina said that business would be ruined and the city bankrupted, but, according to the city treasurer's report for March, 1905, there was in the general fund of the city at that time \$3,416.90. The same report for this March (1906) shows \$7,769.49, an increase of over \$4,000, and this in spite of the fact that the city took in over \$10,000 from the joints the year before and less than \$1,000 this year through legitimate fines. The merchants claim that this has been the best year in the history of Salina. More goods have been sold and more business done than in any other twelve months of the city's experience."

"A great many of the leading business men of Kansas City, Kas., cherished the same delusion cherished by the business men of Salina, but the 200 joints in that city have been effectually closed, and yet it is almost the universal testimony that the city was never so prosperous.

"Kansas City, Kas., is the largest city in the State, and I believe it is the largest city in the world without an open saloon. There has been a wonderful revolution of sentiment among the business men, who are prospering as never before, and who attested their faith in this new and wise policy by electing a law and order mayor at the recent city election. The people of Kansas City, Kas., have a splendid opportunity to make their city the most noted city in the world by steadfastly adhering to the wise policy under which they are now making such gratifying growth in every realm of civic importance, and other cities would do well to catch this infection, for it is in the air.

"In this great accomplishment too much credit can not be given to Attorney-General C. C. Coleman, to the assistant attorney-general, Mr. C. W. Trickett, and to the presiding judge, Hon. W. G. Holt. In a recent address, Mr. Trickett said:

"When I first moved upon the dens of vice, two leading bankers, in company with three prominent merchants, called upon me to protest against closing the saloons, saying it would ruin business. Not long since these same men returned to my office to apologize for their former request, and stated that it had not only not injured business, but had helped every line. The bankers informed me that in three months, under closed saloons, deposits had increased \$500,000. The merchants said their business had increased, collections were better, and that women were trading with them, presenting their husbands' pay checks, stating that they had never seen a pay check until the saloons were closed. Ex-Mayor W. A. Coy, proprietor of the largest store in the sixth ward, which was the storm center of the fight, stated to me recently that to his personal knowledge a score of families now lived in comfort that lived in squalid poverty before the closing movement. The same statement has been made to me by more than fifty merchants in that city. I consider it a safe proposition to invite any one who feels in doubt to write to any merchant in Kansas City as to the effect.

"Last May our city officials were figuring how they could spare the money to enlarge the city jails, but today we have no use for those we have. The doors swing idly upon their hinges, with no inmates, the guards at the rock-pile have been discharged, and drunks and disorderlies have largely disappeared."

"The prohibitory law has never had a fair chance in Kansas. It has battled against a foe entrenched in the appetites of an extensive constituency, fortified by legal sanction through many centuries of the world's history, and made powerful by the enormous wealth of enormous profits. Every State surrounding us has been opposed to our policy and has contributed in every possible way to its failure. It has been like a farmer striving to keep his farm clean of noxious weeds, while his neighbor farmers permitted their farms to become foul and sow his farm thick with seeds with every wafting wind that blew his way from their premises. Our success under these adverse conditions has indeed been remarkable. The absurd contention that more liquor is sold in prohibi-

tion Kansas than in license States should deceive no one. It is made chiefly by those who would be entirely content with the prohibition policy if their statements were true, but official figures abundantly refute the ridiculous statement. Uncle Sam is a pretty good book-keeper and a pretty good collector. Compare prohibition Kansas with our neighbor, license Nebraska, for instance. Nebraska has about one-third less population than has Kansas, but Uncle Sam has collected about \$2,000,000 a year tax from the people of Nebraska, while he has been able to get only about \$100,000 from Kansas. The amount of fermented liquor sold in Kansas is from 6,000 to 10,000 barrels a year, in Nebraska from 200,000 to 300,000 barrels, and in Missouri from 2,000,000 to 3,000,000 barrels.

"When I came into office, two years ago, I found this law was largely ignored, if not flagrantly violated, in every city of the first class in the State, and in many of the smaller cities and towns. A most difficult duty confronted me. A definite policy was at once formulated, and, acting in harmony with the attorney-general, this policy has been steadfastly pursued. The enforcement of this, as of other laws, rests primarily, under our statutes, upon the local authorities. I agree again with Governor Martin, who, in the same speech from which I have already quoted, said:

"Whenever or wherever the laws are not honestly enforced the local judiciary officers—that is, the county attorney and sheriff—are the responsible parties. It is practically impossible for anyone to sell intoxicating liquor as a beverage in any town or city in Kansas if the county attorney and sheriff of the county do their duty. These officers co-operating together, can make the illegal sale of liquor impossible."

"To this official combination, however, I would add the district judge, who, if unfriendly, can greatly impede, if not entirely prevent, the enforcement of the law. Recognizing these fundamental facts, as well as the limitation of power conferred by the legislature upon the governor for the enforcement of this and other laws, I have written to every county attorney and sheriff in the State, and to many of them repeatedly, urging the enforcement of the law. Ouster proceedings were instituted against the mayor of Kansas City, Kas., the largest city in the State, and against the county attorney of Wyandotte County, in which this city is located, which were successful, owing largely, let it be remembered, however, to the peculiar ability of Attorney-General Coleman and his able local assistant, Mr. Trickett, and to the character of the presiding judge, Judge Holt.

"Similar suits have been begun in other cities. Assistant attorneys-general have been appointed in ten other counties, with varying results. But I believe it can be said without extravagance that there are more towns and counties in this State today that are saloonless and jointless than ever before since the law was enacted.

"Results have been remarkable. In four-fifths of the 105 counties the prohibitory law is as well enforced as other penal statutes. The constitution imposes upon the governor the duty of enforcing law, but legislatures alone can give effect to constitutional requirements and furnish the executive with power for their enforcement. The governor can only enforce law with law. The various laws enacted by Kansas legislatures during the past quarter of a century to make effective this constitutional amendment have

been stubbornly contested in the courts in every possible way by the liquor interests. Some of these laws have stood the test, but some of the most important ones have been annulled by the courts."

The Governor concluded this part of his message with these words:

"Kansas must take no backward step in this matter. 'It is the province of Kansas to lead, and not to follow,' said Mr. Trickett, in the speech from which I have already quoted. 'We have blazed the path of great reforms in the past, and this generation will not fall below that of its ancestors.' Upon you, gentlemen of the Legislature, devolves the duty of conferring greater power upon those clothed with responsibility of government, to the end that the good name of the State may not be marred by the persistent violation of the prohibitory law, and that the wise, economical and moral policies involved in this constitutional amendment may be made more and more effective."

The Central Christian Advocate comments as follows:

"This message blazes the path of action for the people of Kansas. They may rest assured that the liquor trade will contest every inch of advance, nor will the liquor trade stop at any means, bribery or even crime, by which the trade may thwart the will and beat down the backbone of the sovereign people. But if the people of Kansas will have the abolition of liquor, they will have it if they do not faint by the wayside.

"It has been almost impossible to enforce the laws. Truckling city officials have stood in with the law-breakers, the bribe of fines in lieu of license fees has saved the municipal conscience, the interstate commerce laws permitting citizens of States which license the liquor trade to ship into Kansas without any fear of punishment the vile stuff prohibited by the Kansas statutes, the secrecy of the Federal internal revenue service, by which jointists were licensed without any notification of the Kansas authorities, tied the hands of Governor Hoch and enmeshed him in difficulties almost beyond the power of mortal man to unloose.

"But much of this has passed away. The Government now keeps posted in a conspicuous place the name and location of every jointist. He can now be got at straight. The experience of Kansas City and Salina shows on a big scale that license is not good municipal business. And the experience of those big cities as well as the more rural districts shows that the law can be enforced."

RESOLUTIONS OF APPRECIATION.

The directors of the Woman's Board of Missions for the Pacific recently adopted resolutions on the death of Mrs. Susan Merrill Farnam from which we quote as follows:

"**Resolved,** That we express our appreciation of her efficient service as Foreign Secretary for thirteen years, of her faithful attendance at our meetings, of her wise counsel and sane judgment, and of her loving devotion to all the interests of our work.

"**Resolved,** That in behalf of the women of our churches and the missionaries of our Board, we record our great sense of loss, and our appreciation of the beautiful life and Christian service of her whom God has called up higher."

Among the Churches.

Oakland, Fourth.—Three persons united with the church at the last communion.

San Francisco, Fourth.—Ten persons were welcomed into the fellowship of this church last Sunday, eight on confession. Since January 1st fourteen have been received, all but two on confession.

Oakland, Second.—The Rev. J. A. Milligan, who labored very faithfully and effectually at Porterville for many years until a few months ago, has accepted the call of the Second Church and will enter on the work the 17th. The pulpit has been supplied for several Sundays by the Rev. W. H. Cooke.

San Jacinto.—San Jacinto has enjoyed a series of only four days union meetings, under Evangelist R. Hadden, of C. E. headquarters. We wish we could tell what blessings have come to Christian hearts, and how sorry we are that he could be with us so short a time. His Bible readings are of high order, and so full of the personal knowledge that the words reach receptive hearts in a wonderful manner. Wherever he may go the people will receive great good, if they are wanting to know how to bring souls to Jesus. May God bless him abundantly. This church has had no pastor since Oct. 1st, supplies being sent by Supt. Maile each Sunday. The Sunday-school is keeping a good record. Reports showed an increase of pupils and offerings during 1906.

Wasco and Rosedale.—Rev. L. A. Kirkland, pastor of Wasco and Rosedale preached his last sermon Sunday, Jan. 27th, at these points. He filled the pulpit with great acceptance in Oil Center, Feb. 3rd. He will spend a few days with friends near San Diego before going East, and will take charge of the First Congregational Church in Alleghany, Penn., the first Sunday in March. His people were reluctant to give him up. But Rev. Mr. Knueson, late from the Barstow field takes charge at Rosedale and Wasco. The colonizers take up their land this week at Wasco, but the Congregational committee, headed by Supt. Maile, secured from the company five town lots for church building and two and one-half acres upon which to build a parsonage. The Methodist Episcopal people secured like advantages.

Nevada.

Reno.—The reports at the recent annual meeting showed the total receipts for the church and the different societies to have been \$6,108 for 1906. The church treasury receipts were \$5,337.45; of which amount \$2,707.99 were on the parsonage fund. The present membership is 180. Forty persons were welcomed into membership during the year 1906.

Washington.

Bellingham.—The Rev. Dr. Van Horn, pastor of Plymouth Church, Seattle, is assisting Pastor Wark in a ten days' evangelistic meeting.

Spokane, Plymouth.—This church under the consecrated leadership of Rev. E. Edward Mills is in a

prosperous condition. At the annual meeting held a few days ago the reports showed all bills paid and a balance in the treasury. Thirty-one persons were added to the membership in 1906. The Christian Endeavor society organized in October is becoming quite a factor in the church work.

Everett.—The reports at the recent annual meeting were encouraging. The church was without a pastor for a few months after the Rev. J. R. Knodell found it necessary to lay down the work on account of failing health. The Rev. J. E. Smith took charge in September. Two years ago the Everett Church was worshipping in a little building worth about \$1,200 and badly located; today it has one of the most desirable church properties in the state, centrally located; and all in all the outlook is thoroughly encouraging. Mr. J. A. Falkner, formerly mayor of the city, a member of this church, is serving as speaker of the legislature now in session at Olympia.

THE FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH OF SAN FRANCISCO.

The picture here given presents the church as it appeared a few days ago. Considerable work remains to be done on the auditorium before it will be ready



for use; but announcement was made last Sunday that the lecture room in the basement would in all probability be in condition for the holding of services in it next Sunday, February the 10th, at 11 in the forenoon and 5 in the afternoon. Letters were in readiness to be sent out the latter part of the week announcing this as a certainty unless something unforeseen should happen in the meantime. The first service will be a communion service. It will be a day of rejoicing on the part of the people of the church and widely others will rejoice with them at this consummation—back at the old site in less than ten months after the great disaster of last year, and in a church building better in several respects than the old one when the finishing touches shall have been put on in the next few weeks!

Dr. Adams says in his annual letter to the members of the church and congregation: "It will be free from drafts that always bothered us, and will be better heated, ventilated and lighted than the other has been in many years. We have been wonderfully led in the financial part of it; we had \$600 toward the building when we began; all bills are paid to this date, and we still have some money in the bank; the widow's cruse of oil has been well illustrated in our case; friends in other places have helped largely; we

have received a larger part of the insurance than we dared to hope at the start; our own people have done what they could, and nearly every Sunday's collections have brought something for the new building. When we near the end, and can tell exactly what is needed we shall make a strong attempt to dedicate the church with no debt of any kind."

Such are the street railway facilities that the church is as easy of access now as it ever was; but the membership is scattered. Dr. Adams says: "We have the addresses of 353 members in San Francisco, 118 in Alameda county, 30 in Marin county, 176 in distant places, for 68 we have no address, making a total of 745, of whom not more than fifty per cent are in this city."

This annual letter of the pastor, which this year is in the nature of a "Welcome Home," sounds the cheery call to all to rally at the old site now to do all they can do to make it a strong center for spiritual influences. "Many attempts will be made to get us to do something else," says the pastor, "but we know the principles by which we made our former success, and they will work again; our business is to preach and live the gospel in the most practical way possible; and try to induce others to adopt it as their own."

MEETING OF MINISTERS.

The Rev. B. St. John of Benicia brought to the meeting of the ministers of San Francisco and vicinity last Monday an interesting paper on some of the verses in the first chapters of Genesis.

Next Monday Mr. Arthur Arlett, of Plymouth Church, Oakland, will give a paper concerning the workingman and the church.

The meeting one week from next Monday will be at the County Infirmary, between Oakland and Haywards at 12 o'clock. An address will be given by Mr. W. A. Gates, the secretary of the State Board of Charities. The members will be the guests that day of Supervisor Mitchell of Alameda county, a member of the Fourth Church of Oakland. Lunch will be served at half past one.

Among the persons in attendance at the meeting last Monday was the Rev. C. L. Mears of Reno, Nevada, who spoke briefly of the great changes and developments which are taking place in that state. Reno is growing rapidly, having about 15,000 population now; hundreds of families have come recently from the East and a new spirit is manifest everywhere. It is a time of opportunity religiously as well as otherwise in Nevada.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

Church News Notes.

Superintendent Case has recovered from his severe attack of the grippe and is in the field again.

While the unusual pouring rains hindered, yet in several of our churches the week of prayer was observed and meetings were profitable.

Rialto, under the efficient leadership of Rev. J. H. Lash has nearly doubled its members during the past year and has completed a neat and commodious six-roomed parsonage.

San Bernardino, First rejoices in the hopefully opening work of its new pastor, Rev. E. H. Price. The evening preaching service which for some years has been omitted, is increasing in interest and numbers, and all lines of church work are feeling the stimulus

of the pastor's practical and wise leadership.

Los Angeles, Vernon Church has always had a good Sunday-school. It grows better each year. It could not be otherwise with such a S. S. pastor as Rev. Wm. Davies, and a Superintendent, Mr. D. Draper, whose leadership for the past ten years grows more and more efficient.

On Jan. 6th a Congregational Council by request, met at Willowbrook, a suburb of Los Angeles, and completed the organization of a Congregational church of nine members. Rev. N. Edwards, of Whittier, was moderator and Rev. A. H. Hooker, of Santa Ana, scribe. This is the outgrowth of a Sunday-school organized one year ago by Supt. Case, and given pastoral care by Rev. S. G. Lamb, of Compton. It is the only religious work in the new and growing place, and is heartily supported by all.

Sunday, Jan. 27th, Rev. O. L. Corbin and his people at Perris, rededicated their enlarged church building. Pastor Corbin in less than two years has built up his church and Sunday-school to nearly double former members. The expense, nearly \$1,000, is all met—the last hundred being freely given by the glad people at the morning dedicatory service. Supt. Case preached at night, giving special thought to the young people's work. The State C. E. evangelist, Rev. J. S. Haddon, holds meetings Jan. 31-Feb. 3rd with them, and the evangelistic meetings may be continued a second week. The outlook for a spiritual harvest is excellent.

NEIGHBORLINESS.

W. N. Burr.

A well-known Southern California pastor who is loved by all his brethren, preached one Sunday morning recently on "Who is my neighbor?" The next Sunday he shook hands with a lady at the close of service, asking her name and address.

"I live on the corner of — and — steets," she replied.

"Why, that is where I live—on the corner of — and — streets," said the pastor; and a moment later he found that the stranger lived just across from his own residence, on the opposite corner.

That pastor is now supposed to be revising somewhat his sermon on "Who is my neighbor?"

It should be added that this good man is not a mere "library pastor." While it is true that this "stranger" lived just across the street from him, it is also true that she had not lived there very long.

The spirit of neighborliness is a good spirit for any man to cultivate. Folks need each other in this world, whether they do in any other world or not; and it does a lot of good to go to see the other fellow once in a while, and to make him feel that he will be welcome whenever it may be convenient for him to drop in to see you.

Away down here near to the southern end of Southern California this neighborly spirit seems to have found its way. The new pastor in these parts found at his door the other day the genial-hearted pastor of the First Church, San Diego, Rev. Clarence T. Brown, and that good-natured book worm, the pastor of the Second Church, San Diego, Rev. E. E. P. Abbott. They had just dropped around on Monday afternoon to let the new pastor know that they

had a warm welcome for him, and proposed to be neighborly. A day or two later came Rev. Herbert W. Lathe, who is living quietly in these parts just now, and who came over from San Diego to see that all was well with us.

All this neighborliness is greatly appreciated. I have sometimes thought, as I have gone about knocking at the doors of my people, "I wish I had a pastor to come and call on me once in a while." Possibly the people never think of it, but it is the pastor himself who is the man without a pastor. And that reminds me of Frederick Langbridge's lines on "The Parson's Comforter":

"It seems a possibility unguessed—

Or little borne in mind if haply known—

That he who cheers in trouble all the rest,

May now and then have troubles of his own.

Alas! God knows he has his foe to fight,

His closet-atomy, severe and grim;

All others claim his comfort as of right;

But, hapless parson, who shall comfort him?"

La Jolla, California, Jan. 25, 1907.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL AND PUBLISHING SOCIETY.

The fiscal year of the Congregational Sunday School and Publishing Society closes the 15th of the present month February. Any contributions that are still to come will be gladly welcomed before that time. Up to date the amount is \$935. We should like to make it \$1,000 at least. If the schools that were prevented from observing Children's Day by the calamity in April wish to send an offering it will greatly aid in making up the amount, and will be highly appreciated. Contributions may be sent to Supt. E. J. Singer, Barker Block, Berkeley.

WHAT WOULD I DO?

If I were told to-morrow,

That the next sun

Which sinks should bear me past all fear and sorrow

For any one,

All the fight fought, all the short journey through,

What should I do?

I do not think that I should shrink or falter,

But just go on,

Doing my work, nor change nor seek to alter

Aught that is gone;

But rise and move and love and smile and pray

For one more day.

But if a wondrous hand from the blue yonder

Held out a scroll,

On which my life was writ, and I with wonder

Beheld unroll

To a long century's end its mystic clew,

What should I do?

What could I do, O blessed Guide and Master,

Other than this;

Still to go on as now, not slower, faster,

Nor fear to miss

The road, although so very long it be,

While led by Thee?

—Susan Coolidge.

The Home.

A POCKETFUL OF SUNSHINE.

"A pocketful of sunshine
Is better far than gold;
It drowns the daily sorrows
Of the young and the old;
It fills the world with pleasure
In field, and lane, and street,
And brightens every prospect
Of the mortals that we meet.

"A pocketful of sunshine
Can make the world akin
And lift a load of sorrow
From the burdened backs of sin;
Diffusing light and knowledge
Through thorny paths of life,
It gilds with silver lining
The storm clouds of strife."

FATHERS DON'T COUNT.

"Yes, I'd be delighted to. We've been reading Henderson's book on 'Education and the Larger Life,' which is very interesting. I'll bring it along and you can mend while I read. Yes, it is a glorious morning, isn't it, and not too cool to sit out of doors. Goodby. Yes, I'll be over about half past ten."

This was spoken over Mrs. Clark's telephone, to one of her best friends in the next street, with whom she often sat for two or three hours twice a week with books and work of various kinds. The two families had recently returned home from their summer outing and were glad in these pleasant late September days to resume their intercourse.

Once seated on Mrs. White's sunny, sheltered porch, with a mother's sewing basket on a little table, and stockings and other things to be mended near by, Mrs. Clark opened her book and read several pages from one of those wideawake, sensible chapters. This one was concerning the load which so many mothers carry alone, making all the decisions with reference to the food, temperature, the play, occupations and schooling of their children, and came to this paragraph:

"It is unreasonable to expect a young mother, herself quite uninstructed in even the rudiments of science, to meet these difficult questions successfully; and with our present commercial spending of the days the fathers do not at all count in such matters."

"That man is dead right," said Mrs. White, interrupting the reading, "I do not believe that in this town one-half the fathers know or care much what their children are doing. That's a bit exaggerated, but many of them do believe that the wives are controlling everything, and they trust them entirely without taking any share or much real interest in the education and development of their children."

"Of course, the men have to spend their days commercially," said Mrs. Clark, "and they have to work intensely, too, to get a living for their families; they can't be blamed for that; but if they only would be more interested in them when the day's work is done, instead of seating themselves by their lamps with papers and magazines, or going out so many evenings to

entertainments, it would be such a joy and comfort to wives and children."

"What's the name of that western judge?" asked Mrs. Clark, "who is doing so much in juvenile courts and seems to understand boys so well? I read something from him the other day right along this line."

"You mean Judge Lindsey, of Denver, don't you?" said Mrs. White. "I have a magazine upstairs which has an article about him. I'll get it. Perhaps that is what you read." And Mrs. White dropped her work and ran upstairs for the magazine.

"Yes, here it is," she said, opening it as she took her seat again on the porch. "There's quite a paragraph about the fathers. You read it, please, for I must get on with my mending," and she handed it over to Mrs. Clark, who read: "They are too busy to become his chums or companions, and so he soon develops a secret and private life, which is often filled with corruption. A financially well-to-do father once said to me that he was too busy to look after his boys, to be companionable or to take an interest in them. The great majority of boys who go wrong do so because their mothers and fathers do not know them. Even for his serious faults I could never frame an indictment against the American boy; but there might well be an indictment against careless fathers."

"That reminds me," said Mrs. White, "of the remark of a negro porter when quite a delegation of us were on his car going East to attend a mothers' congress. He said to one of the ladies: 'I don't see why you have a **mothers'** congress. Mothers are all right. It would be a mighty good thing, it seems to me, to have a **fathers'** congress.'"

"The dorkies hit it off pretty well, don't they?" said Mrs. Clark, laughingly. Then she turned to the book again, as Mrs. White in her emphatic way said: "That doesn't overstate the matter in the least. My father was so different from so many of our young married men nowadays. Why, we just watched and waited for his home-coming, walked down the street to meet him and knew that we would have lots of fun as soon as he came home. On stormy nights my brother and I would each stand at one of the front windows to catch the first sight of father and see him wave his hand to us, and then we would race to the hall to be there when the door opened and see who would get the first kiss. And what's more, we were just as glad to see him when we grew up. I tell you fathers counted in those days!"

"There certainly is a great change," rejoined Mrs. Clark, "but let's be thankful that this matter is being written up. I'm sure there's nothing more delightful than to see fathers make their boys their chums and companions. You remember that Mr. Sanders and his boys at the camp last summer, don't you? Now he was at least fifty years old, although he did not look it, for he was always so bright, and alert, and cheery; and he and his boys were chummy all the time. He might have gone off hunting or fishing with men of his own age and let his boys look out for themselves, but instead of that he helped them to build a canoe and the three of them went off together in it for a cruise as merry and happy as could be."

"Yes, I remember them," said Mrs. White, "and how some of us laughed when Mrs. Sanders would say that her 'three boys' had gone off on a cruise. But we are not getting on much with the book, are we?"

"No, but no matter. We can have more of it. It has certainly given us a good theme for conversation,

and we have expressed our sentiments and that always does us good."

"Well, I wish," said Mrs. White, "that something might be done to bring about a change and that fathers would make themselves more happy with their families and children, really know them and love to be with them, so that it could not be truthfully said that fathers don't count."

The chapter was finished with its excellent thoughts on many practical points, but what had been read and had been said about the fathers remained.—The Standard.

The Quiet Hour.

FAIR TO SEE.

We know not when, we know not where,
We know not what that world will be,
But this we know: it will be fair
To see.

With heart athirst and thirsty face,
We know and know not what shall be—
Christ Jesus bring us of his grace
To see.

Christ Jesus bring us of his grace
Beyond all prayers our hopes can pray,
One day to see him face to face—
One day.
—Christiana G. Rossetti.

CHRIST'S CALL FOR THE BEST.

Rev. J. R. Miller, D. D.

Christ knows what is in man. When he looks upon us he sees not only what we are, but also what we may become. The gardener in the early spring-time, when he looks at the bare, briery bush in his garden, sees in it a vision of glorious roses—what it will be in June under his culture. Christ looks upon a young life as it stands before him and sees in it, beneath its unattractiveness, a vision of splendid manhood, and calls for its fulfillment.

When Simon was introduced to him, Jesus looked upon him intently and said: "Thou art Simon * * * thou shalt be called Peter." He saw the best in the old fisherman. Nobody else saw in him what Jesus saw. Other people saw only uncouthness, an overmeasure of self-confidence, a sort of rugged but undisciplined strength, rashness, impulsiveness, a certain coarseness and rudeness. Nobody saw in Simon of the fishing boats anything great or beautiful. But Jesus saw in him large possibilities, elements of power, all that the man afterward became. In the rough, impetuous Simon he saw the firm, strong, and masterful Peter of the apostolic days.

Jesus always saw the best in every man or woman. He saw the possible good there was in the publican, Levi, under all his greed and dishonesty, and called him to be one of his friends. He saw the vision of a white soul in the outcast woman who lay at his feet, and spoke to her words of mercy and hope which saved her. He saw the good waiting to be brought out in everyone who came into his presence.

There is something good in every life. Some people never see anything beautiful in any other one.

They see, instead, the faults, the blemishes, the follies, the frailties. They see these lacks and flaws because that is what they are looking for. So long as we look upon people in this hopeless way, we cannot do anything to make them better. We must have an eye for the best that is in men, and be able to find beauty and good in every life, if we would inspire them to reach their best.

The new name which Jesus gave this fisherman had in it a vision of the man that was to be. The giving of the name, with its prophecy of strength, security, and worthiness was the Master's call for all that was good in Simon. It would have been a bitter disappointment to him if the rough fisherman had never become anything but what he was that day. Then what a loss to the world it would have been!

Yet Simon's character was not changed instantly—it was the work of years even in the hands of Christ, to make the transformation. Work on lives is always slow. Some people speak as if becoming a Christian were a sudden matter, the work of a moment. The beginning of a Christian life may be sudden, a choice, a decision made in an instant—one minute not a Christian, next minute a Christian. But this is only the beginning, and there is a great deal after that. The beginning is only an unopened bud—it takes time for the bud to open into the full, rich beauty of the rose. It often takes God many days to open a little flower. It takes him much longer to bring a life to its full bloom and beauty.

A child had been playing in the garden one day, and when she came in her mother said, "What have you been doing, my dear?" "Helping God, mother," said the little one. "How have you been helping God?" asked the mother. "I saw a flower going to blossom, and I blossomed it," answered the child. There are some people who think they are helping God when doing just what this child did. God does not want help in opening his buds and blossoming his roses. The buds must be opened and the roses blossomed in nature's gentle way, in God's way. To blossom them before their time would be to ruin them. We need to be most careful in our culture of spiritual life in others, especially in children. Violence and forcing may do incalculable harm. Many a child's life fails of its rarest beauty because its development is hastened. Rosebuds want only air, sunshine, and rain to bring out their beauty. The best thing we can do to develop spiritual life is to give an atmosphere of love and purity to those we seek to bless.—From "A Heart Garden."

Young People.

SYMPATHY.

Whenever I start to walk, our dog he seems to know,
And runs along ahead of me to show he's coming too;

And when there is a reason why he really mustn't go,
The hollering "Go Home" to him is awful hard to do.

He wags his tail and jumps around, and seems as if
he said,

"I guess you didn't mean it, you were only jokin' then!"

But when he sees I'm serious he kinder droops his head,
Or looks up at me sorrowful, an' looks away again.

And then at last he minds me if I keep an angry tone,
It's awful hard to do it, but I try with all my might;
And sometimes when I look around I see him all alone
A-watchin' me and watchin' me until I'm out of sight.

You see I know just how it is, 'cause some days when
I find

My brother's got to hurry off with bigger boys to play,
And when he says I mustn't go and tag along behind,
He leaves me sittin' somewhere and a-feelin' just that way.

.....—Burgess Johnson in Rhymes of Little Boys.

A COMBINATION THAT WINS.

"Seems to me, Tom, you are taking a great deal of pains with your work, considering the fact that the superintendent doesn't come till next week," said Dan Abbott, the ticket agent at Allston, stopping off one train at Valley Falls to chat with the agent.

Tom Appleton paused at his work of sweeping the little country depot, looking sharply at the good-natured young fellow who tied up the Allston station once a month.

See here, Dan," said Appleton, speaking under his breath, "I'll tell you something if you'll keep it to yourself; I don't care to have any one else know about it."

What is it, Tom? I'll keep it to myself."

"The day the road hired me they put another inspector on with orders to keep a sharp watch on this depot."

"That's getting things pretty fine, isn't it, Tom?" said Abbott, seriously. "I had rather it would be you than me. I'd hate to have an inspector keeping watch over me all the time."

"Oh, it is not quite so unpleasant as you imagine, Dan. I have been personally acquainted with this inspector for a good many years. He is always on the lookout for some carelessness, and though he has never reported me at headquarters, I have tried not to let him catch me, and I will take care in the future that he doesn't."

"What is his name, Tom?" asked Abbott. "Do I know him?"

"Know him, yes; his name is Tom Appleton."

"Well, I don't know but what you're right, Tom," said Abbott, giving his friend a hearty slap that well-nigh dislocated half the bones in Tom's body. "It wouldn't be a bad idea to have that kind of inspector up at Allston, though he probably would shut his eyes and be on the agent's side, right or wrong."

One morning, a year later, the superintendent was looking over the list of agents' names, wondering who would be the best man for a vacancy in one of the larger offices of the road. He paused when he reached the name of the "agent and inspector" at Valley Falls, and in less than three minutes he had come to a decision—Tom Appleton was the man for the place.

The combination of employee and inspector is one that is sure to win in any field. Business men the world over are constantly on the watch for the young

man who is alert, ready to criticise his own work that he may place it above criticism. Such young men are not forgotten when an opening occurs; they slip into the coveted positions with such apparent ease that those less watchful, less painstaking, look on in amazement, unable to comprehend the situation. They term it luck. Well, if that is luck, it is just the kind that will come to every young man who will sacrifice ease and pleasure when it is a question of duty and one's ambition that is at stake. Let each one try the combination.—Frederick E. Burnham.

THE BUTTERFLY STORY.

"Once upon a time," began the butterfly, "I was an egg. My butterfly mother placed me on the underside of a milkweed leaf. I was smaller than the head of a pin. A few days later I burst—"

"O, dear!" cried Geraldine.

"It didn't hurt," said the butterfly. "I was only an egg, remember. And I burst my tiny shell, and—guess what came out of that shell."

"Why, you did," ventured Peter, politely.

"Yes, I came out; but you children never would have known me. I had no wings. I had a body, sixteen legs, and a splendid appetite. I was a caterpillar."

"You a caterpillar?" exclaimed Geraldine.

"Certainly," replied the butterfly. "All butterflies come from the caterpillars. Didn't you know it?"

"No," said Geraldine.

"I have six legs; when I was a caterpillar, I had sixteen. When I was an egg I had none. How I did eat when I first became a caterpillar! I ate and ate until I burst. I had eaten too much, and my skin became too tight. So I went off by myself for a few hours, and then I quietly burst my old skin, and came out in a beautiful, brand-new skin,—green, with yellow stripes. And all day long I ate and ate. Beautiful dreams came to me. I dreamed I had wings, and was floating among the clouds with the birds; and then—and then—I burst."

"Oh, dear!" said Geraldine.

"It didn't hurt," said the butterfly. "So I burst open, and out through the skin on my back came a beautiful jewel, of pale-green color, all spotted with gilt. I was a chrysalis, a smooth, little, pear-shaped thing, without eyes, or legs, or mouth. There I swung. I wriggled a little to cast off the skin of the caterpillar; but, when I was freed from it, how beautiful I was! I breathed through the little holes in my side,—holes about as big as the point of a pin. It is a very good way to breathe. There are hundreds of ways to breathe. I knew a grasshopper who breathed through his hind legs."

Peter said nothing. Geraldine looked down thoughtfully. The butterfly sailed away.—Exchange.

The great men of earth are those who have lived and died, and now live again and forever in their undying thoughts. The real life of Moses has been since he died. Luther and Wesley are mightier today—ininitely mightier than when in the flesh. If this is true of men, how much more so of the Son of God. Think the thoughts of Him who spoke as never man spake, live the principles He enunciated, and thus convince all within the circle of our influence.

LIFT YOUR EYES.

Sometimes one's place in life is so "cabined, cribbed, confined," that anything like the progressive widening of life's interests seems utterly forbidden. In fact, thousands on every side are in a state only sufficiently described in the homely Scotch phrase, "Sair hadden doon." This is the lot especially of many a woman whose motherhood and poverty doom her to perpetual slavery in a life that circulates only between her bed and her fireside. No room for expansion—no time for sweet reflection—no outlook tempting her to cast her eyes abroad—no change of scene or of society to give her culture or a wider experience of the world. If this reaches the eye of any who painfully feel such limitations, let me narrate for them a simple but telling incident:

A Scotch peasant and his wife emigrated to Canada, cleared a bit of forest, built a log cabin, and sowed their crop in the small clearing. One evening, when the husband returned from his work in the woods, he found his wife sitting on the doorsteps weeping bitterly.

"What's wrang wi' ye, my woman?" he asked.

"I cannot see oot," she answered.

"No," he answered, with sympathy in his voice, "but you can see up!" and he pointed her to the circle of heaven that, like a great blue eye, looked down upon her from above.

Oh, if you are straightened in your life, your outlook narrow and dispiriting, look up! Look up to the new Jerusalem, to your Father's heaven, to your future home, to your coming destiny. There is always room to see up—a great world of thought and blessing in which your soul can dwell.

Religion does not mean restriction. It is the greatest expanding force available for humanity. It is inspired manhood. Have you dreamed that the volume of life is diminished by religion? Christ gives to his people wide horizons—makes them heirs of all ages to come—enriches all their prospects, and fills them with endless hopes. Life without Christ is a stumbling pilgrimage between stone walls; with Christ in one's faith and one's heart, it is like the pilgrimage of the royal river that rises in the wells of Dee, that flows through among the silver woods and by rocky gorge across moor and dale, humble and castled homes of men—always fed upon the way by fresh inflows that deepen and enrich it, so that it is the fullest and the strongest where it merges in the sea—true image of eternity. Get to be at home with God, and you will find he has set your life in a large place.—Wesleyan Magazine.

BEAUTIFUL SPRING.

"Father, dear father, come home with me now, for ma has some carpet to beat; she's got all the furniture out in the yard, from the front door clean

down to the street. The stove must come down and be put in the shed, and the yard must be cleared of dead grass; for it's time to clean house, and the shingles are loose and the windows sadly need glass. Father, dear father, come home with me now, and bring some bologna and cheese; it's twelve o'clock and there's nothing to eat—I'm so hungry I'm weak in the knees. All the dinner we have will be cold scraps and such, and we'll have to eat standing up, too; for the table and all are out in the yard—O I wish spring cleaning was through! Father, dear father, come home with me now, for ma is as mad as a Turk; she says you're a lazy old thing, and she proposes to put you to work. There is painting to do and paper to hang, and the window casings to scrub; for it's house cleaning time, and you've got to come home and revel in suds and cold grub."—The Clifton (Kan.) News.

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